

"PRINCE KAHLMA'S EXPERIMENTS," by Cleveland Moffett, begins in this number.
"PROSPERITY STRANGLED BY GOLD;" a reply to William P. St. John, by Professor W. G. Sumner.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

MADE IN U.S.A.
AUG 17 1896

VOL. LXXXIII.—No. 2196.
Copyright, 1896, by ARNOLD WEEKLY CO. No. 110 Fifth Avenue.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 20, 1896.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.
Entered as second-class matter at the New York post-office.

OUR GALLERY OF STATUES—X.



Copyright, 1896, by Leslie's Weekly.

A MODERN ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARRELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

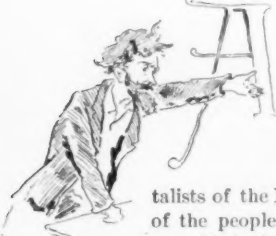
AUGUST 20, 1896.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.	
One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2.00
One copy, for thirteen weeks	1.00

We are always glad to have any of our contemporaries transfer to their columns articles of interest from *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, giving proper credit to the *WEEKLY*. We especially desire to call the attention of our exchanges to the able series on the financial question, and shall be very much gratified to see our exchanges quote liberally from them, and shall be pleased to receive marked copies of their newspapers. Specially attractive inducements will be made to newspapers which will secure clubbing subscriptions for *LESLIE'S* during the campaign.

The Rant about the Poor.

 FAVORITE insistent of the free-silver advocates is that the adoption of that policy is necessary to rescue the poor from the clutches of the rich. We are told with all possible vehemence that the capitalists of the East are crushing the masses of the people in the West, and that they are able to do this because of the monetary standard which now prevails. Here, for instance, is that flamboyant individual, Senator Stewart, of Nevada, denouncing all persons who believe in the gold standard of value as "monarchists, aristocrats, monopolists, despots, property-wreckers, swindlers, gold gamblers, and enemies of civilization," and in order that there may be no doubt where these dangerous folk may be found, he proceeds to say that they have their headquarters on "the other side of the Atlantic, and do an active business in that section of this country known as Wall Street."

It seems impossible that anybody should be deluded by this sort of fustian, but it is upon precisely this kind of meat that the free-silver people of the Western States are largely fed. It is easy to see that these appeals to prejudice and passion, vehemently persisted in, are calculated to exasperate the classes to whom they are addressed, to stimulate a feeling of sectionalism, and to foment a sentiment of hatred for the prosperous and well-to-do. It is one of the chief enormities of the present free-silver propaganda that it accentuates a tendency to class divisions; nourishes, in other words, dislike and distrust on the part of the wage-working classes for those who have been more fortunate in the struggle of life.

Now what is the fact as to the relative situation of the so-called rich and the so-called poor as the result of existing conditions? It is undoubtedly true that the times have been "hard" with millions of our countrymen who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their faces. Thousands and tens of thousands of them have been for one, two, and three years without remunerative employment; many of them have had no employment at all. Farmers and small tradesmen have found it difficult to sustain themselves. But this condition is not in any sense the result of our monetary policy. It is due in part to over-production, but mainly to the unwise interference of the dominant party, aided by these free-coinage leaders, with the tariff system under which enterprise was encouraged, steady employment at ample wages was given to our working people, and the national prosperity was constantly augmented. But it is to be remembered that the losses and sufferings caused by this industrial and commercial depression have not been borne alone by the wage-earning class; they have been shared by the employing and so-called capitalistic classes. The losses of employing manufacturers, merchants, and commercial men in the last three years have aggregated hundreds of millions, so that, as a matter of fact, the rich and the poor have occupied precisely the same plane.

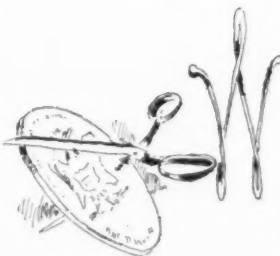
Take one individual interest as illustrating our thought: According to the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission issued on the 18th of July last, one hundred and sixty-nine railroads in this country were in the hands of receivers on the 30th of June, 1895. The railroad capital represented by these roads was nearly two billion five hundred million dollars, or about 22.20 per cent. of the total railway capital in the United States. The stock in these roads was owned by the rich, as we are accustomed to use that term, and not by the poor, whom the rich are said to be crushing. According to the same annual report, stock to the amount of \$3,475,640,203, or 70.05 per cent. of the total outstanding, paid no dividend at all in the year ending on the date named. That is to say, this vast amount of money invested in railway properties in this country by capitalists—by people who had got money ahead—was serving a public use and contributing to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of the people at a positive loss to its owners. In the face of such a fact as this, how absurd becomes the rant of men like Senator Stewart as to the oppression of the poor by the rich, and how utterly unwarranted the constant reiteration of the statement that the former are the only sufferers in the peculiarly distressing conditions which

have come upon us, not because we are adhering to the world's standard of value, but because of the agitation for its overthrow.

What Home-makers Think.

THE home-makers of the country—the men who have homes and are anxious to get homes—are almost unanimously opposed to the creed promulgated by the Chicago convention, which at the bottom is a declaration against property and well-ordered government. Recently there was held in Philadelphia a convention of representatives of the building and loan associations of the United States. The object of these associations, as it is well known, is to enable persons of moderate means, by combining their capital, to secure for themselves homes under conditions which encourage thrift and enterprise. Altogether there are in the country about five thousand six hundred of these associations, having in all a total membership of one million seven hundred and forty-five thousand persons, and assets amounting to four hundred and fifty million, six hundred and sixty thousand dollars. It is not surprising that an interest of such magnitude should contemplate with alarm the proposition of the Democratic platform in reference to free and unlimited silver coinage. Every dollar of investment held by these associations represents one hundred cents measured by the gold standard, but with the adoption of silver coinage at the ratio of sixteen to one nearly one-half of this vast total would be wiped out. The convention in Philadelphia, in view of all the facts in the case, declared most unqualifiedly in favor of the maintenance of the present standard of value as essential to the protection of the interest of shareholders. "Patriotism demands," they say, "that the dollar bearing the mint-mark of the United States shall be equal to the dollar of the most advanced nation, and entitled to full faith and credit all over the world, and to that end it must be maintained free from all suspicion of debasement or repudiation." It would seem that so obvious a proposition ought to command the assent of every enlightened mind. It is an amazing thing that it should be possible for a great party in these last days of the nineteenth century to affirm to the contrary.

A Bitter Foretaste.



WE are already getting a foretaste of what will follow upon the adoption of the policy proposed by the Chicago convention. The mere menace of free and unlimited silver coinage at the ratio of sixteen to one has very seriously disturbed the business confidence of the country, and has arrested many important enterprises which were about to be undertaken. Perhaps no part of the country suffers more largely from this agitation and uncertainty as to our monetary standard than the South. Mr. Hugh R. Garden, ex-president of the Southern Society, and a well known lawyer of this city, in a recent interview referred to some illustrations of the disastrous results which have already accrued in that part of the Union. In one case where a contract had been closed for a piece of work in two of the cotton States, which involved the employment of from two to three thousand laborers for more than a year and the expenditure of four million dollars entirely in these two States, it has been found necessary to abandon the undertaking, for the reason that no one can be found who is willing to buy the securities from the proceeds of which the work was to be carried on. Heretofore no difficulty has been found in placing securities of this sort in foreign countries, but the former purchasers now decline, absolutely, to touch these securities until the question is settled whether we are to have a gold standard or a fluctuating silver one. The contractor in this case had already expended some three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and this investment becomes practically worthless for the time being, while the great benefits which would have accrued from the prosecution of the important enterprise are absolutely lost to the States which are most immediately concerned in it.

This is simply one of many illustrations which might be given of the disastrous effects which the Chicago deliverance has had upon the business interests of the country. We may well inquire, "If these things are done in the green tree, what would be done in the dry tree?" If a mere menace of the overthrow of our present monetary system and the adoption of one condemned by the experience of the world produces these disastrous results, what would happen if that overthrow should be actually accomplished and the country plunged into the seething vortex of free silver coinage?

Look to Congress.

THE friends of sound money, especially in the closely-contested States of the Union, should get together in the matter of their nominations for Congress, whatever they may do as to the Presidential ticket. There is no reason at all why sound money Democrats who are unable to support the Chicago platform should not agree to support the

Republican candidates for Congress who stand for the national honor and uprightness in finance, in districts naturally Republican. In districts where Democrats have a decided normal majority it ought to be possible for Republicans who believe in the gold standard of value to support sound-money Democratic candidates. It is of the very highest importance that the next House of Representatives should have a sound-money majority. Some care, too, should be taken in the pivotal States to see that sound-money Legislatures are secured. This remark applies especially to those States in which United States Senators are to be elected. Now that the silver Democrats, the Populists, the Coxeyites, and the tag-rag-and-bob-tail of every sort have combined against the sound-money idea, all men who hold to this idea, no matter what may be their former party affiliations, should consolidate their strength not only as to the Presidency, but as to Congress and the local Legislatures, to the end that every possible point of advantage may be secured and the possibility of a free-silver triumph at any point averted.

An Object-lesson.

THE *New York World* is doing an excellent service to the cause of sound money by opening its columns to an unlimited discussion of the issues involved in the present contest. As a result of the privilege thus offered to contributors, it publishes every day two or three columns of brief communications, largely from workingmen and people who look at things in a practical way. There is, of course, a good deal of disagreement among the writers, and it is quite evident from some of the communications that the silver delusion has spread a little more widely in our Eastern communities than has been generally supposed, especially among the working class. On the other hand, others, who are evidently plain people, put the argument for sound money a great deal more effectively than some of our more distinguished statesmen, who in their discussion of it fail to make it as intelligible and plain as it ought to be made. As a sample of these communications, we may refer to one written by a Baltimore workingman, who, in a simple statement of personal experience, gives us a most convincing argument as to the danger embodied in the Democratic platform. He mentions that some four years ago, having succeeded by hard effort in saving the sum of four thousand dollars, he loaned three thousand nine hundred dollars of it to a Southern friend, taking as security a mortgage at three per cent., which will mature in October of next year. Some two weeks after the Chicago convention he was informed by the mortgagor that he hoped to be in position to pay off the mortgage not later than May next, giving as his reason for this belief that a law for the free coinage of silver would undoubtedly be enacted by that time, and that, having saved up money enough to buy two thousand three hundred dollars' worth of silver bullion, he would be able, by turning that amount, or less, into the Treasury in exchange for legal tender under the proposed law, to meet his indebtedness in full. The *World* contributor says that up to that time he had been in favor of free silver, but he has made up his mind that unless he desires to lose a part of his investment, and sacrifice the little property he has acquired, it will be to his interest to vote in favor of the maintenance of the present monetary standard. We have no doubt that other arguments of this sort might be furnished out of the experience of many other people, and there can be no question that whenever used they will prove effective in dissipating free-silverite delusions.

As It Looks Abroad.



THE impression which has been produced among thoughtful observers abroad by the deliverances and nominations of the Chicago convention is one of profound amazement that in such a country as this any party should commit itself to doctrines so revolutionary and full of menace to every substantial interest. The *London Saturday Review*, for instance, regards the platform "as a kind of belated *Jacquerie*, none the less terrible because its wild hatreds and savage cravings are directed, not against the fierce and despotic feudal lords of the Middle Ages, but against the placid and well-ordered rich classes in a republic at the close of the nineteenth century." The *Spectator*, discussing the action of the convention with great seriousness, remarks:

"What an amazing occurrence a Democratic victory on the lines of this convention would be, and what a rebuke to the wisdom of the wise! The revolt against property, so long predicted in Europe, would have broken out first of all in a country without a monarchy, without a privileged class, and amid a population every man of whom is a voter, and can possess himself without payment of sufficient land. All the ideas of all the older Liberals of Europe have been realized in America, and if the Chicago delegates represent a majority they have all, as regards the safety of property, been realized in vain. Property, except in the form of freehold farms, is more seriously threatened than in France or Germany or Austria, and it is threatened by persons who are all educated in free schools, possessed of the suffrage, sufficiently fed, and living in houses which are their own, rent free. All the conditions tending to social quiet are present in the West, yet the social disquiet is as intense as in the oldest country of effete Europe, and displays itself in efforts which are at all events more likely to be successful than those of European socialists. Hatred to the rich, as bitter as any felt in the world, has spread itself in a country where, outside a limited and usually alien residuum in the great cities, no one is abjectly poor, and poverty is at all

events supposed to convey no stigma. Even to-day the wise are saying that wealth is safer in America than in Europe; that the millionaire across the Atlantic is rather admired than hated; that only in America can wealth flaunt itself without risk of stirring up anti social passions. Yet in Chicago we have six hundred delegates, and their whole tone, their one animating enthusiasm, is defiance to the rich, and they accept as leader Mr. Altgeld, who would apply the sponge to all national debts, and who pardoned anarchists because he thought the social conditions almost of necessity produced anarchism."

It is possible that there are some Americans who are indifferent to the opinion of the English-speaking peoples of the world, and who are quite willing that they should regard us as a nation of scoundrels and thieves. But we suspect that every citizen who realizes how infamous we would make ourselves by sanctioning the Chicago platform and its policy of repudiation will not only hesitate to contribute to that result, but employ all his influence to avert so grave a calamity.

Financial Articles for Newspaper Editors and "Leslie's Weekly" Readers.

EDWARD ATKINSON contributes to the next week's issue of LESLIE'S WEEKLY a very able article entitled "What Does Sixteen to One Mean?" This exposition by Mr. Atkinson is the ablest article that has yet appeared in print on this subject. In the succeeding issues Professor W. G. Sumner contributes "Cause and Cure of Hard Times," "The Free-coinage Scheme is Impracticable at Every Point." J. K. Upton writes on "Jefferson, Hamilton, Jackson, and Lincoln as Bimetallists."

Text-books in Public Schools.

THE public-school system of the United States is deservedly an object of pride to the great body of our people. But the public schools are not in many States what they ought to be, and for this fact there are two causes, namely, the inefficiency of some teachers and the lack of independence of others. Politics and favoritism should not find places in our schools; but in very many of the schools teachers are selected without reference to their fitness, and retained because of their political "pull." This cause will be remedied in time, for public opinion has been awakened as to the pernicious effects of parceling out all offices in accordance with rules of partisanship rather than of merit. The national civil service is being rapidly improved by giving to clerks and other officers a permanency of tenure. The States and municipalities are also following the lead of the national government, so it cannot be very long before such rules will be applied to the selection, the retention, and the promotion of teachers.

The second cause is more insidious and harder to deal with because it has its being in hidden corruption and is maintained by secret bribery. We allude to the text-book evil. To-day the large publishers of school-books have more to say as to the selection of school trustees in many localities than the people who elect these officers with their votes. We know the ordinary political boss pretty well; we know how he works and how he profits by the perversion of the popular will. But the text book boss has managed to keep himself in the background and to do his evil work in the dark. It is high time that the attention of the people should be directed to him and to his methods.

The school-book publishers are not content to have text-books adopted with their imprint upon them; that is better than nothing, but they want more. They desire to bring out a new edition of each book every year or so, and have each new edition adopted as though it were a new book. The persons who make these text-books are usually half-paid and half-educated starvelings who work for the publishers for petty salaries. Of course they do not hesitate to make any changes in text that the publishers may dictate.

To secure the adoption of new books and new editions the school-book publishers have political agents in every thickly settled community, and these agents attend to the selection of school trustees, contributing to election expenses and bribing the trustees when elected, if such a course be necessary. Further than this, they make it most uncomfortable for any teacher or superintendent who has the independence to say that a proposed or selected text-book is bad or unworthy. And every honest-minded trustee or commissioner who dares to resist their schemes is sure to encounter their bitter opposition when he stands for re-election.

These things are not imaginings; they are sad facts. But we believe that the people are entirely competent to deal with them and to reform them. Misinformation is worse than no information; if we are to continue to pay taxes to support schools we should see to it that these schools are not made instruments of misinformation to our children and sources of corrupt profit to conscienceless makers of worse than worthless text books.

A Prophecy Fulfilled.

THE late Samuel J. Randall is reported to have said, when Mr. Cleveland issued his pronouncement on the tariff some years ago, attacking the manufacturers as robbers and assailing all the great industrial enterprises which had

grown up under the system of protection as iniquitous monopolies, that he would, in ten years, be the most unpopular man in his party. Mr. Randall did not live to see the fulfillment of his prediction, but Mr. Cleveland must realize most keenly that he is to-day in precisely the state predicted of him. As a matter of fact, he is abhorred by the great majority of Democrats in twenty odd States of the Union. Believing that he was honest in his tariff views, though dissenting absolutely from their soundness, we cannot but contemplate his present position with a good deal of pity. He is not only repudiated by his party, but he has been literally trampled under the feet of the frenzied horde who are to-day in command of the party organization.

But, after all, he is only suffering the penalty which he deliberately invoked. The arguments which are now being used by the silver men are substantially those which were employed by Mr. Cleveland when he fulminated his thunders against the protective system. It will be remembered that the whole tenor and drift of his deliverances on this

SOME of the silver fallacies were stated by Mr. St. John, in his address before the silver convention, with such precision that his speech offers a favorable opportunity for dealing with them.

He says that "it is amongst the first principles in finance that the value of each dollar, expressed in prices, depends upon the total number of dollars in circulation." There is no such principle of finance as the one here formulated. The "quantity doctrine" of currency is gravely abused by all bimetallists, from the least to the greatest, and it is at best open to great doubt. When the dollars in question are dollars of some money of account which can circulate beyond the territory of the State in which it is issued, the quantity doctrine cannot be true within that territory. It may be noted, in passing, that this is the reason why no scheme of the silver people for manipulating prices in the United States can possibly succeed. Silver and gold will be exported and imported until their values conform throughout the world, and prices fixed in one or the other of them will conform to the world's prices, after all the trouble and waste and loss of translating them two or three times over have been endured.

The quantity doctrine, however, means that the value of the currency is a question of supply and demand, and everybody knows that to double or halve the supply does not halve or double the value, or have any other effect which is simple and direct. If it did have such effect speculation would not be what it is.

Mr. St. John goes on to argue that our population increases two millions every year, on account of which we need more dollars; that the production of gold does not furnish enough to meet this need, and that, therefore, prices fall. This argumentation is very simple and very glib. Prosperity and adversity are put into a syllogism of three lines. But, if we can avert the fall in prices and adversity by coining silver, it must be by adding the silver to the gold which we now have. "High" and "low" prices are only relative terms. They mean higher and lower than at another time or place; higher and lower than we have been used to. If misery depends on ten-cent corn we are advised to cut the cents in two and we shall get twenty-cent corn and prosperity. Corn will not be altered in value in gold, or outside of the United States, and, as all other things will be marked up at the same time and in the same way, its value in other things will not be altered by this operation. When we get used to twenty-cent corn it will seem just as low and just as "hard for the debtor" as ten-cent corn is now. Then we can divide by ten and get two-dollar corn, by adding free coinage of copper. When we get used to that we shall be no better satisfied with it. We can then make paper dollars and coin them without limit. Million-dollar corn will then become as bitter a subject for complaint as ten-cent corn is now. The fact that people are discontented is no argument for anything.

The fact that prices are low is made the subject of social complaint and of political agitation in the United States. Prices have undergone a wave since 1850. They arose until about 1872. They have fallen again. They are lower than they were at the top of the wave all the world over. This fact, the explanation of which would furnish a very complicated task for trained statisticians and economists, is made a topic of easy interpretation and solution in political conventions and popular harangues, and it is proposed to adopt violent and portentous measures upon the basis of the flippant notions which are current about it. But what difference does it make whether the "plane" of prices is high or low? If corn is at forty cents a bushel and calico at twenty cents a yard, a bushel buys two yards. If corn is at ten cents a bushel and calico at five cents a yard, a bushel will buy two yards. So of everything else. If, then, there has been a general fall, and that is the alleged grievance, neither farmers nor any other one class has suffered by it.

It is undoubtedly true that a period of advancing prices stimulates energy and enterprise. It does so even when, if all the facts were well known, it might be found that capital was really being consumed in successive periods of production. Falling prices discourage enterprise, although, if all facts were known to the bottom, it might be found that

subject were denunciatory of capitalists and legitimate enterprises carried to prosperous results under the protective principle. We have now from the free-silver presses and orators the same denunciations of the "tyranny of capital," the selfishness of industrial combines, and the greediness of employers which were used by him, the only difference being that they are now directed against the so-called capitalistic classes instead of the manufacturing interests—that is, against every man who has been provident and industrious, and has got something ahead for a stormy day. We do not mean to say, of course, that Mr. Cleveland's wild assaults upon the protective system were calculated to do the infinite harm which will be done by the clamor and the revolutionary propaganda of the free-silver Jacobins; but we do affirm that the spirit of his denunciations was practically the same as that which now flames out in rancorous assaults upon the well-to-do, and which, in the attitude of its apostles, practically commits itself to robbery, repudiation, and the torch.

PROSPERITY STRANGLER BY GOLD.

capital was being accumulated in successive periods of production.

It is also true that a depreciation of the money of account, while it is going on, stimulates exports and restrains imports.

But who can tell how we are to make prices always go up, unless by constant and unlimited inflation? Who can tell how we are to avoid fluctuations in prices or eliminate the element of contingency, risk, foresight, and speculation?

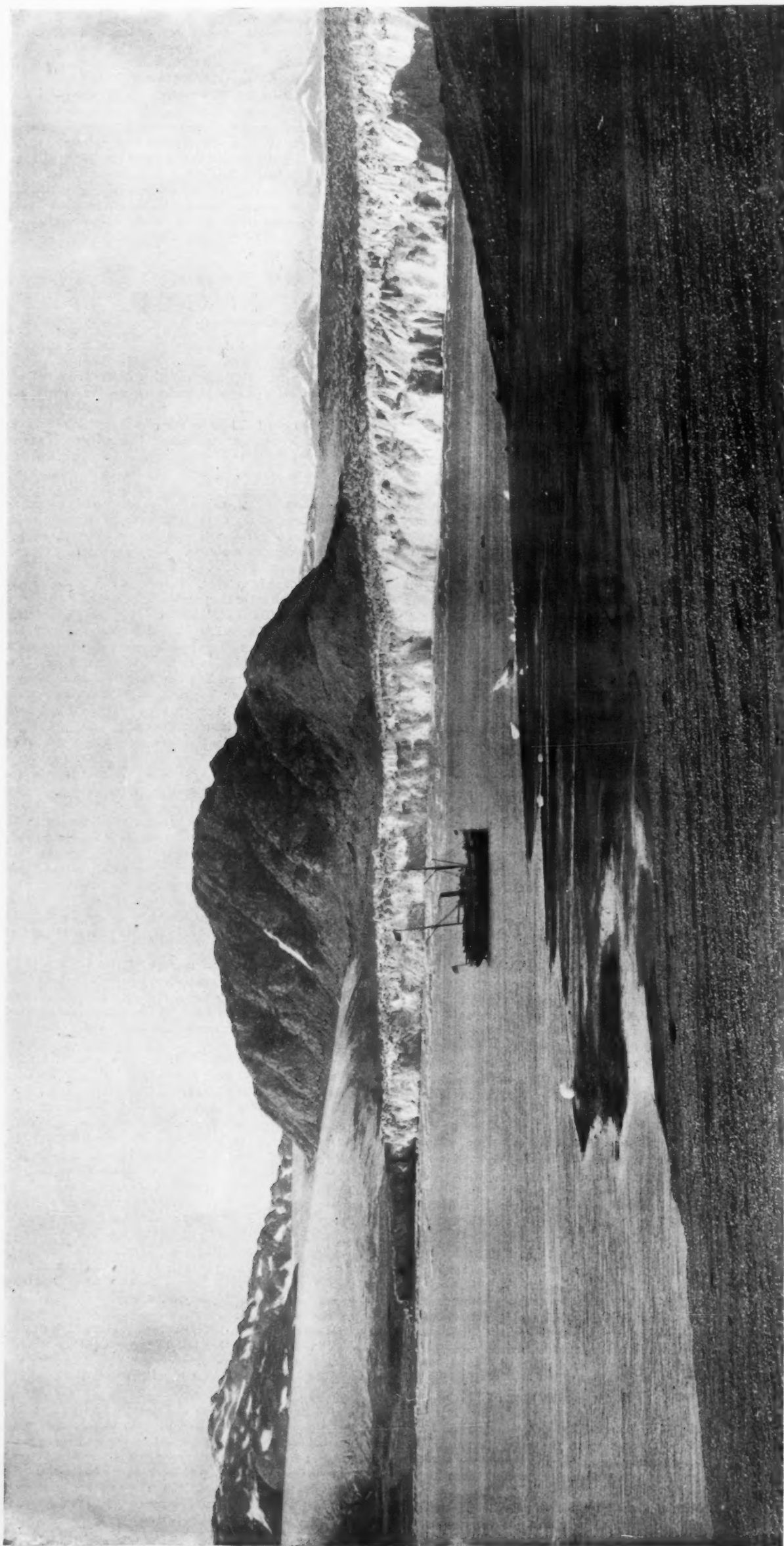
It is also true that, although high prices and low prices are immaterial at any one time, the change from one to the other, from one period of time to another, affects the burden of outstanding time contracts. Men make contracts for dollars, not for dollar's-worths. Selling long or short is one thing; lending is another. Borrowers and lenders never guarantee each other the purchasing power of dollars at a future time. If the contracts were thus complicated they would become impossible. Between 1850 and 1872 the debtors made no complaint and the creditors never thought of getting up an agitation to have debts scaled up. The debtors now are demanding that they be allowed to play heads I win, tails you lose, and Mr. St. John and others tell us that they have the votes to carry it; as if that made any difference in the forum of discussion.

Increase in population does not prove an increased need of money. It may prove the contrary. If the population becomes more dense over a given area, a higher organization may make less money necessary. If railroads and other means of communication are extended money is economized. If banks and other credit institutions are multiplied, and if credit operations are facilitated by public security, good administration of law, etc., less money is needed. If these changes are going on at the same time that population is increasing (and such is undoubtedly the case in the United States), who can tell whether the net result is to make more or less currency necessary? Nobody; and all assertions about the matter are wild and irresponsible.

If it was true that an increase of two millions in the population called for more dollars, how does anybody know whether the current gold production is adequate to meet the new requirement or not? The assertion is arithmetical. It says that two quantities are not equal to each other. The first quantity is the increase in the currency called for by two million more people. How much more is needed? Nobody knows, and there is no way to find out. The silver men have put figures for it from time to time, but the figures rested on nothing and were mere bald assertions. The second quantity is the amount of new gold annually available for coinage in the United States. How much is this? Nobody knows, because if an attempt is made to define what is meant it is found that there is no idea in the words. The people of the United States buy and coin just as much gold as they want at any time. Hence two things are said to be unequal to each other, when nobody knows how big either one of them is. It may be added that it makes no difference how big either one of them is. How much additional tin is needed annually for the increase of our population? Do the mines produce it? Nobody knows or asks. The mines produce, and the people buy, what they want. The case is the same as to gold.

We find, then, that Mr. St. John begins with a doctrine which is untenable; then he asserts a relation between population and the need of money which does not exist; then he assumes that this need is greater than the amount of new gold produced, although neither he nor anybody else knows how big either one of these quantities is. This is the argumentation by which he aims to show that prices are reduced and misery produced by the single gold standard. It is the argumentation which is current among the silver people. Not a step of it will bear examination. The inference that we must restore the free coinage of silver, to escape this strangulation of prosperity, falls to the ground.

W. G. Sumner.



THE GREAT MUIR GLACIER, ALASKA, THREE MILES WIDE IN FRONT, TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY TO THREE HUNDRED FEET VISIBLE HEIGHT, AND EIGHTY MILES EXPLORED LENGTH.

The Muir Glacier.

ONE of the chief attractions to the tourist in Alaska is the great Muir glacier, the most wonderful of all the world. One who has looked upon its towering front will never forget the spectacle. It differs from the Swiss glaciers in the fact that it is not a stream of ice winding down a mountain-walled valley, but a broad, gently undulating prairie surrounded by innumerable icy mountains, from the shadowy depths of which flow the many tributary glaciers that form the great central trunk. One who has visited it says that "there are seven large tributaries, from two to six miles wide where they enter the trunk, and from ten to twenty miles long, each of them fed by many secondary tributaries; so that the whole number of branches, great and small, pouring from the mountain fountains, must number upward of two hundred, not counting the smallest. The area drained by this one grand glacier can hardly be less than one thousand square miles, and it probably contains as much ice as all the eleven hundred Swiss glaciers combined. The length of the glacier from the frontal wall back to the head of the farthest fountain is estimated at fifty miles, and the width of the main trunk just below the confluence of the large tributaries is about twenty-five miles. Though apparently as motionless as the mountains, it flows on forever, the speed varying in every part with the seasons, but mostly with the depth of the current, and the declivity, smoothness and directness of the different portions of the basin. The flow of the central cascading portion near the front, as determined by Professor Reid, is at the rate of from two and a half to five inches an hour, or from five to ten feet a day. A strip of the main trunk about a mile in width, extending along the eastern margin about fourteen miles, to a large lake filled with bergs, has but little motion, and is so little broken by crevasses that one hundred horsemen might ride abreast over it without encountering much difficulty.

"The great ice-wall or front of the glacier is about three miles wide, but the sheer middle berg-producing portion that stretches across the inlet from side to side, like a huge green-and-blue barrier, is only about two miles wide, and its height above the water is from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet. But soundings made by Captain Carroll show that seven hundred and twenty feet of the wall is below the surface, while a third unmeasured portion is buried beneath the moraine detritus that is constantly deposited at the foot of it. Therefore, were the water and rocky detritus cleared away, a sheer precipice of ice would be presented nearly two miles long and more than a thousand feet high. Seen from a distance, it seems comparatively regular in form; but it is far otherwise—bold, jagged capes jut forward into the flord, alternating with deep re-entering angles and sharp, craggy hollows with plain bastions, while the top is roughened with innumerable spires and pyramids, and sharp, hacked blades leaning and toppling, or cutting straight into the sky."

We are indebted for our picture of this great glacier to Mr. E. O. Thompson, 245 Broadway.

Max Bachmann.

AN ORIGINAL APPLICATION OF SCULPTURE.

AMERICA has produced three great caricaturists—Nast, Keppler, and Gillam. Nast, as it were, swung a stout club over the head of his victim, whether Tweed, Greeley, or the Pope; Keppler was the impersonation of the purely pictorial artist, while Gillam was the thinker, the man of ideas as well as performances, with a finely stored and thoroughly equipped mind. A fourth one now comes to the front, and the fruits of genius and artistic thoroughness have been published for weeks in this journal. His name is Max Bachmann. If a new condition of public affairs in the Western Hemisphere has had one remarkable result it lies in the creative fertility and expressive technique which Bachmann has given to the new cartoon language employed by him in the series of illustrations formulating the obvious satire and broad humor of Presidential possibilities.

These works mark a new departure in the treatment of great political controversies, and also a significant advance of a power heretofore employed by Nast, Keppler, Gillam, and others in America, and by some of the great masters of the pencil in Europe. There is this difference: Bachmann, in sympathy with all branches of art, and accomplished in many of them, is able to render and perpetuate an idea, however grotesque or funny, in the inelastic clay, making that medium speak with life and force, because he has been a musician and actor, a composer, a painter in oils and water-colors, and a man singularly fortunate in having as friends and associates some of the most brilliant men of our time in this country and in Europe.

Think of the versatility of his work; when
(Continued on page 123.)



"The wounded man proved to be the bank's night watchman; the others were identified as two notorious cracksmen."

PRINCE KAHLMA'S EXPERIMENTS.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

I.
THE PRINCE PUTS OFF A TRIP TO YUCATAN TO INVESTIGATE A MYSTERIOUS BANK ROBBERY.



HERE was not a more anxious man in New York than Wade Van Halten, the secretary, friend, and devoted admirer of the eccentric Prince Kahlma.* For a year past the prince had had in mind this singular project

of exploring the forests of Yucatan in search of a strange buried people, said to live there in underground cities, with all the treasures of ancient Mexico hoarded in their coffers. He had heard the story

first in Constantinople from a pilgrim who had thought thus to show his gratitude to the prince for saving his life in a street affray. It had dwelt in his memory, and from time to time he had reverted to it with growing interest.

In vain had Van Halten sought to divert his master's mind from what he regarded as an ill-conceived purpose; the prince craved novelty and new sensations, and such for him were hard to find. Travel was an old story, the diversions of cities seemed

tame, love had been a bitter apple since his escapade at Naples, gambling was but a stupid pastime to a man whose daily income was a fortune, and even his work in the laboratory, his experiments in electricity and psychic phenomena, which he had pursued with ardor for so many years, had utterly palled on him.

"Why should I not visit these people?" he said. "They at least do things differently; we do only the same things."

"Yes," answered Van Halten, reproachfully, "and get the fever, as you did when we journeyed up the Amazon, or be shot by a poisoned arrow. Besides, this whole story is probably a myth."

But the prince had persisted, and now all was ready for his sailing. The *Nadia*, with provisions aboard for a long cruise, and best equipment for exploring, lay in the Hudson waiting orders, and the prince had about decided to lift anchor the next day, when a glance at a morning paper caused him to change his plans.

"By the great golden crown!" he exclaimed, with an animation Van Halten had not seen in him for months. "I tell thee, Sadi, here is something interesting." It was a habit of the prince's when they were alone to address his friend with "thou" and "thee," which sounded sweet in his mouth, spoken with the faint trace of accent that came from a knowledge of many tongues.

"Yes," said Van Halten, "it is rather odd." He answered designedly with show of indifference, knowing this to be the surest way of sharpening his master's caprice. But as he read

he saw that here was indeed one of the strangest crimes New York had ever known. Not only had much money been taken from the vault-room of the Washington Square Bank, which had been entered in most skillful manner, but there were circumstances in the case that pointed to some rare mystery.

The robbery took place on a Saturday night, in the early morning hours. The first alarm was given by a roundsman, who, in passing the bank about five o'clock, saw the heavy front door partially open. Summoning assistance, he entered the premises, along with two fellow-officers, and the first glance made it plain that safe-wreckers had been there not long before and escaped with their booty. The ponderous steel door of the vault had been blown from its hinges and lay shattered on the floor. The smaller steel doors inside, guarding the safes, had also been blown open, and a mass of splintered metal plates, torn and twisted, lay among a quantity of papers. Subsequent investigation by the bank officials showed that nearly one hundred thousand dollars in specie had been taken, besides negotiable papers amounting to twenty thousand dollars.

On the marble floor in front of the vault, in the midst of a wreck of metal and scattered burglars' tools, were three men, gagged and securely bound, one of them showing wounds about the head and uttering sounds of pain. It was plain that a fierce struggle had taken place, for the men's clothes were torn and disarranged, while on the floor were found a collar, a small cravat, and some fragments of black cloth apparently torn from a man's coat.

* NOTE.—Kahlma, pronounced as if spelled Kaayma. The family still enjoys distinction and power in the East Indian province of Rajputana.

On examination the wounded man proved to be the bank's night watchman, while the others were identified as two notorious cracksmen.

The watchman told his story first, and it was a very singular story. He said that about eleven o'clock Saturday night, as he had just made his usual round through the building, and had signaled headquarters—which he was required to do every half-hour—that all was well, he had been suddenly seized from behind by three men, who had overcome him, although he fought them desperately and received several wounds. His assailants had bound him hand and foot, gagged him, and left him where he was found.

Being half-stunned by blows, he had been but

duce the explosives; in short, to break open the doors for them. This he had done only under threat of being shot if he refused. After "Number one" had finished his work he had been forced to accompany the strangers and had left the bank with them. His companions had no idea what had become of him, but expressed full belief in his loyalty, nor would they reveal his name.

"Here is a nut for the police to crack," said Prince Kahlma, "and it will please me to watch them do it. We will tarry in New York a few days."

With pretended reluctance, but with joy in his heart, Van Halten received this word, and forthwith threw himself eagerly into the task of unraveling the mystery, for such was the prince's will.

Days passed, however, and weeks, with no tangible result; at least the real robbers, the ones who had escaped with the money, were not discovered. The two burglars were "sent up" for short terms, while the watchman, who stoutly maintained his innocence, received no other punishment than the loss of his position. For no evidence could be found against him, save the testimony of acknowledged criminals.

Van Halten, however, who, from his previous connection with the secret service in Paris, had gained the real *flair* for guilt, made up his mind that there was more truth in the burglars' statement than the police were inclined to admit. He accordingly arranged to have the closest surveillance kept upon the discharged watchman, and, thanks to effective work by his detectives, he soon made two discoveries.

In the first place he proved beyond doubt that the watchman had been a professional burglar. He also

found that the watchman was in communication with no less a person than Charles Maxwell, the cashier of the Washington Square Bank, and was evidently in no fear of this gentleman. On one occasion Van Halten himself managed to overhear a few words of a conversation between the two in an East-Side hotel, and from this it was plain that the pretended watchman was extorting money from the cashier, and more than the latter cared to pay.

And on top of these came another and still more singular discovery, which had finally leaked out at the bank, although the officials had tried to keep it secret. A few days after the robbery a messenger had delivered to the president of the bank a carefully sealed package found to contain ninety thousand dollars in specie. A brief type-written note in the package explained that the money had been returned for reasons satisfactory to those who had taken it. Regret was also expressed for injury done to the bank's property. The messenger, on being questioned, said that the package had been given him by a stranger, who had paid him well for the errand, and that was all he knew about it. The police were more than ever puzzled by this unexpected development, nor could any one explain why the bank robbers should return ninety thousand dollars and not the whole amount taken, which was believed to be one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

This new turn of affairs once more aroused the prince's interest, which had flagged somewhat.

"It is going well, Sadi," he said. "Now thou must make a quick stroke and tear the truth from this man Maxwell."

Van Halten was for more delay with cautious moves, but Kahlma's impatience would not wait. It was always his way to plunge into the centre of a sensation, as, when in India, single-handed, he pursued into the jungle, and killed it, too, a man-eating tiger that all the village feared. It was as if this man no longer had capacity of fear. So that very night Van Halten called at Cashier Maxwell's private residence, a handsome house near the park.

"This is a beautiful home you have, Mr. Maxwell," he said, admiring the bronzes, tapestries, and valuable paintings.

The cashier looked at him sharply.

"I am comfortable here," he said; "but may I ask the motive of your visit?"

"I simply desire to ask, sir, if you can explain to me a matter that is puzzling the police; a matter concerning yourself."

The cashier started at these words, and his face went white.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Perhaps nothing, perhaps a great deal. I happen to know that for several years you have been spending about twenty thousand dollars between each January and December, whereas your entire income, as far as I can account for it, is less than one-fourth of that sum. How do you manage it?"

The cashier sprang to his feet with menacing gesture.

"You are an insolent fellow!"

"That may be, but I am also a detective from the central office. I have not yet reported at headquarters your meeting last night with a notorious burglar."

Mr. Maxwell leaned heavily against the table, eying Van Halten like an animal at bay.

"Nor have I yet informed the inspector," continued Van Halten, "that you have been paying money to this man."

The cashier sank into a chair and clutched its sides with his well-kept hands.

"Why have you come here?"

"For personal reasons—to see if it may not be possible to avoid making my report at all." As he said this he drew from his pocket some folded sheets of paper.

He had played his trump card now, and waited its effect with a show of coolness that he did not feel. The cashier toyed with a little ornament on the table. Finally he raised his eyes defiantly.

"Don't misunderstand me," continued Van Halten. "I am not like your burglar friend; I am no blackmailer. If you will answer me some simple questions I pledge you my word that this report will never inconvenience you. If you refuse, why—"

Rising from his seat the young man, in a few rapid sentences, showed the dire consequences that might ensue.

"You are a man of business, Mr. Maxwell, accustomed to quick decision; tell me now, will you or will you not answer my questions?"

There was silence for some moments, Maxwell sitting with his head in his hands.

"I will," he finally answered, "on condition that you give me twenty-four hours clear before taking any action."

"I agree to that."

"On your word of honor?"

"On my word of honor. And now my first question is: Was the story told by the night watchman at his examination the truth?"

"It was not."

"Was the story told by the burglars the truth?"

"I think it was."

"Did you know this watchman to be a burg-

"Then you wanted the safes robbed?"

"I did. It is useless for me to conceal the truth; your own question a few minutes ago in regard to my income and expenditure shows that you understand the situation. Do you wish to ask anything else?"

"Of course I do. The chief question of all is: Who did rob the bank finally? Who tied up those burglars?"

"I give you my positive assurance, sir, if that is worth anything, that I have not the faintest idea. Why this watchman turned against his friends to serve others, as he undoubtedly did, is beyond my comprehension. Perhaps, however, this may help you in solving the riddle. I found it the day after the robbery under one of the tables, where it had lain unobserved." The cashier drew from his pocket a heavy gold ring of rare and beautiful design, set with diamonds and rubies.

"This must have been dropped by one of the second set of burglars in the struggle for possession. It ought to be a fine clew to work on."

"You are right," said Van Halten. "Will you trust me with it?"

"Certainly. You see I act in good faith."

"Just as I do," said Van Halten. "Now there is one other thing I don't understand. How did you arrange to have this job done? I don't see how you dared suggest the thing."

"I admit it wasn't pleasant," said Maxwell, with unhappy smile, "but I had no alternative. I knew the bank-examiners were coming on a certain day, and I was bound, at any cost, to head off their investigation."

At these words a flash of insight brought the truth to Van Halten's mind. "I see," he exclaimed; "then the ninety thousand dollars that was returned to the bank may have been all the money that was taken?"

Maxwell said nothing.

"And the statement of the bank officials that the robbers took one hundred and twenty thousand dollars may have been incorrect? The bank officials may not have known the truth, and the difference between one hundred and twenty thousand dollars and ninety thousand dollars may represent the sum that you—"

The cashier showed signs of breaking down. "Don't push me too hard," he said, with something of supplication, something of rage in his tone. "Is there anything else you want?"

"Not for the present. I think I have only to wish you good-night, sir, and a pleasant journey."

The next day Charles Maxwell had left New York for parts unknown. His family gave it out that he had gone on a sudden trip to Europe, but the bank directors looked at each other wonderingly when they received his resignation, and shook their heads. The safes had been robbed, and it was impossible to go back of that. Prince Kahlma congratulated his secretary upon his tact and adroitness in so difficult an interview. "This ring will be a pretty keepsake for thee after we have found out its owner."

"What puzzles me," said Van Halten, "is the un-burglar-like atmosphere that envelops these gentlemen of the dress suits. To begin with, who ever heard of burglars putting on swallow-tails to crack a safe? And then this ring, and most of all, their sending back the money."

"The ring is the best clew, Sadi; thou must trace it to-morrow. The jewelers will know, for it is a rare bit of work. The woman for whom this trinket was made will have a grave responsibility on her shoulders."

"What, you think it is a woman's ring?" asked the secretary.

"Trace it and see," said the prince.

Carrying out this idea Van Halten had accurate drawings made of the ring, and these he gave to his force of detectives with instructions to visit every jeweler in New York in the hope that some one of them might identify it. Meantime he himself set out to see the night watchman, whom he found insolent at first, but ready enough to make terms when he

saw the strength of his adversary's hand.

"Mr. Maxwell has told me everything," said Van Halten, "and your choice lies now between prison and a full confession." He fortified his argument with a hundred-dollar bill and the flash of a revolver.

The burglar yielded.

"What d'ye want ter know?" he asked in a surly tone.



"WILL YOU OR WILL YOU NOT ANSWER MY QUESTIONS?"

vaguely conscious of what afterward transpired: he remembered hearing the sharp biting of drills boring through steel plates, and then he must have become unconscious, for some time later, on recovering his senses, he had been surprised to find two other men beside him, treated with ropes and gags as he had been. On looking at these men more closely he saw, to his amazement, that they were the very ones who, but a moment before, had made the attack upon him.

When the burglars were examined they created a sensation by giving the night watchman the lie in the most emphatic manner. They declared that, so far from having tried to protect the interests of the bank, he was really an accomplice of theirs who had secured his position only a few months before for the express purpose of betraying the bank. They said, however, that at the critical moment this man had proved false, not only to his employers but to his fellow-burglars, and had assisted two other men who must have been concealed in the bank, in a struggle against themselves. They had no idea who these men were or when they had entered the bank. They were men of great strength, although they had white hands and spoke like gentlemen. The burglars were positive that they were all in evening dress, which statement was borne out by an examination of the fragments of cloth found on the floor, which were lined with black silk, and the fashionable make of the collar and black cravat. Before leaving the bank, the burglars said, these men had bound their accomplice, the watchman, in order to shield him from suspicion.

The burglars were very bitter against the watchman and the men he had aided. What incensed them the more was the fact that without their assistance the strangers would never have been able to open the safes, for they did not seem to be professionals, and had no tools with them. It appeared that these men had made their attack on the burglars after the vault doors had been blown open, but before anything had been done against the safes within. So the strangers, after securing the two burglars, had compelled their leader, the expert of the party, and known as "Number one," to drill through the walls of the safe and intro-



THE PRINCE SOLVES THE MYSTERY OF A RING.

lar before the robbery was committed?"

"I did."

"How did you know it?"

"Because I employed him myself, or rather had him employed."

"And why did you want a burglar as night watchman in the bank?"

"So that his pals could get into the building and rob the safes without fear of interruption."

"I want to know first, why you went back on your pals?"

"Cause I got a better job some'er else, and 'cause I belongs to de union."

"The union? What's that?"

"Dat's more'n you'll ever know. Dose two gents what hired me is de right stuff. Do you tink I'd giv'em away? Not on yer life."

With all his art and persistence Van Halten could get no more from the fellow than this. He was willing to talk freely of his dealings with Maxwell. He acknowledged that he had helped the two strangers in overcoming his pals, but would say absolutely nothing as to who these two strangers were.

Meanwhile the detectives had not been idle in their work with the ring, and one of them brought news from a first-class jeweler, who had shown much interest in the drawing and desired to see the original. Van Halten went to him at once and produced the ring.

"Certainly I recognize it," said the jeweler. "It was ordered from us by a young lady belonging to one of the best families in New York." After much persuasion he consented to divulge the young lady's name, which Van Halten at once gave to his master. The prince was silent a moment and then said:

"Miss Alice Montgomery. H'm, I shall meet her at a dance to-morrow night. I will ask her about this ring."

Van Halten was too much accustomed to such coincidences in his master's life to feel any astonishment. It was true he had never heard the prince speak of this young lady, nor yet of the dance, but he was sure it would all come to pass as he had said. For there was no society so exclusive in New York, Paris, or London but its doors swung open with eager welcome on the rare occasions when Prince Kahlma deigned to pass them.

A buzz of interest and admiration ran through the company as Prince Kahlma, the following evening, passed through the salons of a Fifth Avenue mansion where many fashionable people were assembled. There was something about this man that compelled attention. It was not only the enormous wealth he was reputed to possess and the mystery that enveloped his life, but there was in his eyes and face a sense of power held in reserve, a certain magnetic, almost occult power, that either fascinated or frightened ordinary people. As he moved about, bowing now and then to some one he remembered, and quite indifferent to the many eyes fixed upon him, he was the object of much curious comment.

"Isn't he handsome?" said a young lady who was one of a small group in a conservatory, out of the crush. "I love that dark hair and swarthy skin."

"Yes," said a woman of riper charms, "and you should hear his low, gentle voice, like music from the Orient."

"It's queer how women rave over that man," said a gentleman with bristling mustaches who looked like an Austrian army officer; "to me he seems like one who always wears a mask."

"They say he never smiles," said the young lady, "and no one can tell how old he is; I should call him thirty."

"Why, my dear child," said the other lady, "I met him in Nice ten years ago, and then he passed for forty. I wonder if he remembers me? Yes, he is coming this way."

"Ah, Mrs. Bigelow," said the prince, coming forward.

"This is indeed a pleasure," she exclaimed; "we have not seen each other for ages. Prince Kahlma, let me present Miss Montgomery, and—"

"I have met the gentleman before," said the prince. "Count La Brie, I believe?"

"Why, no," said the lady; "how odd! This is the Baron Rheinbaum, Prince Kahlma."

The gentlemen shook hands, eying each other sharply, the prince's glance resting on a scar that showed on the baron's forehead, almost hidden by his curling blonde hair.

"Pardon my mistake, sir; you greatly resemble a man I met in Homburg several years ago."

"I never was in Homburg," said the baron, with a cool smile.

They talked of indifferent things for a few moments, Miss Montgomery drinking in the prince with all her eyes, as if he were some vision from another world. She was just admiring a star flaming with gems that hung from his neck, and wondering what decoration it might be, when he, replying suddenly to her unasked question, said: "It was given me by the King of Cambodia as a talisman against danger in the jungle. You don't believe in talismans? Ah, but you should. See, I have some others here," and the prince drew from his pocket a handful of trinkets.

"Oh, what beautiful jewels! what strange settings!" exclaimed the ladies, bending in delight over his open hand, in which flashed a fortune in precious stones.

"I should think your Highness would be

afraid to carry about such a treasure," said the baron.

"I like the pretty colors, and, besides, I had a reason for bringing them here to-night."

As he said this Prince Kahlma selected a ring exquisite with diamonds and rubies, and handing it to Miss Montgomery, said: "Would you give me your opinion of this ring?" and then, without allowing her time to reply, he added: "Did you ever see this ring before?"

The young lady showed some uneasiness, but recovering quickly, said: "No, I never saw it before; why do you ask?"

The prince replied with some trivial word, but a little later, when a languorous waltz had tempted the baron and Mrs. Bigelow away, he said: "It occurred to me, Miss Montgomery, that you might have ordered this ring for your fair hand about a year ago at a certain Fifth Avenue jeweler's?" And once more, with significant look, he gave her the ring.

"You are mistaken," she answered; "I never ordered such a ring."

"I beg your pardon," he said with charming affability, "I was led to that conclusion by these photographs; it must have been my microscope that was mistaken." At the same time he handed the young lady an envelope of softly-tinted paper bearing his seal and crest. Ill at ease now, and anxiously, she drew forth two photographs, and, glancing at them, caught her breath. The first photograph showed Miss Montgomery herself; the second was an enlargement of her left hand, taken from the first; and there, on one of the taper fingers, unmistakable in its quaint carving, perfect in every detail, was the very ring she was holding.

"How came you by these pictures?" said Miss Montgomery, biting her lip.

"Quite by accident," said the prince, who added, gallantly: "You know I collect photographs of beautiful women and beautiful hands."

Then, observing the young lady's embarrassment, with a sweep of his grave eyes he withdrew, making courtly salutation.

As he was about to leave, Prince Kahlma passed Mrs. Bigelow and paused for a moment.

"The talisman was for you," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you need a talisman; that there is danger threatening you."

"What danger?" she asked, half frightened, for she knew that there was no empty trifle.

"I cannot tell you that, madame, but my presentiments of evil may be trusted. It is a power I gained in India. Many times I have felt where death was about to strike. In your case it is something different."

"What a frightful thing to tell a woman and then give her no idea where to seek safety. Can you not even say in what quarter I must look for this danger?"

"If I get more precise knowledge I will warn you; my impression is that the danger lies where your heart has gone."

"Ah," she laughed, "then there is no danger, for my heart has gone only to my husband."

The prince looked at her strangely. "Have you known this Baron Rheinbaum very long?"

"Long enough to be sure he is a gentleman."

"I trust, madame, you are not in error," said the prince, and then bade the lady good-night.

Later that evening four people communed with themselves thus:

Said Mrs. Bigelow to herself: "How handsome he is! I could like him even better than the baron."

Said Baron Rheinbaum to himself: "So, he carries all those jewels on his person. He must be a fool."

Said Miss Montgomery to herself: "What will he do now? He knows I told him a deliberate falsehood."

Said Prince Kahlma to himself: "This promises to be really interesting. I don't mind a little postponement of our trip to Yucatan."

(To be continued.)

A Reverie.

IF, in the world to come, I mused one night
While dreaming in my fire's uncertain light,
Through all the ages of eternity,
Of all earth's memories we might keep but three:—

One touch—'twould be the tear the hungry shed
Upon my hand, stretched out to give him bread!

One word—the hopeless whispered in my ear,
The fallen brother, whom I bade good cheer!

One look—the child's, who gazes in my eyes
With trust nor hell nor heaven could surprise!

CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN.

A Glimpse into the Home Life of the Populist Vice-Presidential Candidate.

MRS. THOMAS E. WATSON, the wife of the Populist nominee for Vice-President, true to the reputation Southern women enjoy, is both beautiful and clever. She is an enthusiastic people's-partyite, and while she is sufficiently unaggressive concerning her political preferences to hold the warm friendship of the women in her native town whose husbands are opposed to Mr. Watson's political principles, she is at the same time staunch and true to the Populists, and interests herself deeply in their political successes.

Before her marriage Mrs. Watson was a Miss Durham, the daughter of one of the best-known



MRS. THOMAS E. WATSON.

business men of McDuffie County, and stories are still told of the days when she was the acknowledged belle of that section and ruled over a court of devoted admirers with the same dignity, charm, and responsive sympathies which make her now the ruling feminine spirit of her home community. In those old days Tom Watson was, first a nervous young student, and later an earnest young lawyer, full of ideas and enthusiasm. The Watsons, like the Durhams, have lived in the neighborhood of Thomson for generations, and have played an important part in the affairs of that section.

Mrs. Watson is thirty-nine years of age, but she seems scarcely more than thirty. Her face is oval, her brownish hair grows soft and fluffy about a beautiful brow. Her eyes are peculiarly expressive, and her mouth, the key-note of her countenance, reveals in the upward curve of its corners and its general outline a nature hopeful, happy, rich in ideality, and at the same time strongly flavored and sweetened with good sound sense. Mrs. Watson is a cultured and educated woman, and although her domestic instincts predominate, as in the case with most Southern women, she is at the same time conversant with American politics and literature, and is her husband's most reliable assistant.

The Watson home in Thomson is a modest but comfortable two-story structure, vine-embowered, and surrounded by a flourishing garden of evergreens and flowers. Mr. Watson's study is in the left wing of the house. Here the Populist candidate spends the major portion of his time, and here he writes the many pages of editorial manuscript which he sends to his *People's Party Paper* in Atlanta every week. His study is lined with book-shelves and strewn with papers. It is a cheerful, sunny, breezy room, and overlooks the side yard, shaded by tall sycamore and elm trees, and shows beyond a quiet view of the shady village street.

The Watsons are liked by their neighbors, although the Tenth district is not with the Vice-Presidential nominee politically, for they are agreeable, broad-minded people, gifted with the *savoir-faire* that is the natural result of kind intentions and kind hearts. Their life together has been simple and sincere; unostentatious and yet full of quiet comfort. Mrs. Watson, although in no sense a woman of society and of the world, is well qualified to hold her own in Washington, and fill the position she would have, in the event Mr. Watson were elected, with becoming dignity. She is one of those women whose faculties are quick under all circumstances and whose judgment is reliable and conservative. She is not a stranger to Washington life, for during the winter of the Fifty-second Congress, of which Mr. Watson was a member, she resided at the capital, and gave a series of small dinners, which in an

unpretentious way were models of good taste. Her home then was always open to her own and her husband's friends, and the humblest constituent of the "Tenth" was made as welcome as Mr. Watson's Congressional cronies.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson have two interesting children. Agnes Pearse Watson, the daughter, is thirteen years old, and is a blended likeness of both parents. John Durham Watson, the son, is fifteen years old, strongly resembles his father, and is an ardent Populist. The children enjoy private tutorage, and are dividing their young days between earnest study and wholesome recreation, down in middle Georgia.

Mr. Watson is a large land-owner, and devotes considerable time to the careful management of his estate. He is a consistent Baptist, and attends church with his family every Sunday.

CORINNE STOCKER HORTON.



MISS AGNES WATSON.

People Talked About.

—A CHICAGO newspaper man, Stanley Waterloo, has, like Stephen Crane, won recognition in Great Britain, and thus paved the way for a literary future in the United States. Mr. Waterloo's novel, "A Man and a Woman," is much talked about in London, and is regarded as one of the books of the hour. The novel was published originally in Chicago, but met with a cold reception. Now it appears in London and is an instantaneous success. A new edition will be shortly published in this country.

—Young poets can hardly do better than to emulate James Whitcomb Riley, who has confided to an interviewer that he writes only eight lines of verse a day, and sometimes not so many. This is remarkable self-restraint for a poet whose verse is good for a certain amount of sound money in any domestic market. Most readers of poetry have observed the failing quantity of Mr. Riley's poetry, and now they know the reason of it. In former days, when his muse was more productive, the pages of his home paper were frequently sprinkled with his poems.

—George Fred Williams is not, like most of the younger Massachusetts Democrats with whom he has trained, a man of *Mayflower* ancestry. He is, on the contrary, only a generation removed from Germany, his father having been a native of Prussia. Mr. Williams himself speaks German with great fluency, and he was educated at Heidelberg. He has lived for a number of years in Dedham, whose inhabitants, for the most part, trace their pedigree back to Winthrop's little band of colonists, and he occupies a charming house there.

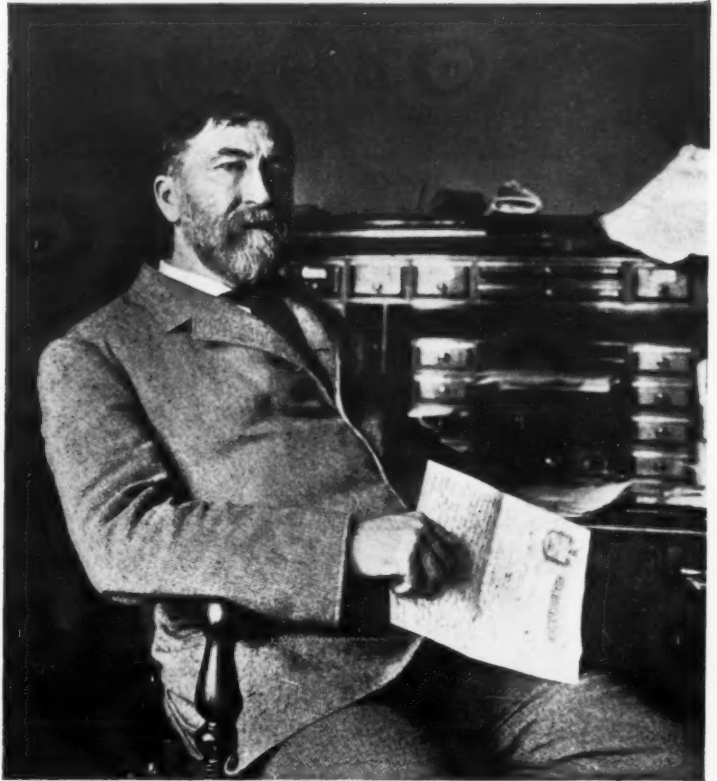
—There is no point in American history on which there is more disagreement among statisticians than concerns the number of generals of the Southern Confederacy. The estimates vary from four hundred and twenty to four hundred and seventy-five, and no two agree. The mortality among them since the war has been greater even than with the Federal officers, and the recent reunion at Richmond showed in a striking manner the extent to which their ranks have thinned. Only about thirty-five now survive, of whom seven were lieutenant-generals and the others major-generals. Most of the former, like Longstreet, Hampton, Buckner, Gordon, Wheeler, and Stephen D. Lee, have maintained national reputations, but of the latter few are known beyond the limits of the States in which they live. Fitzhugh Lee, Rosser, Walthall, and Bate are the most prominent of them.

—Judge Albion W. Tourgee, the author of "A Fool's Errand" and other novels, is living the quiet, peaceful life of a country gentleman at Mayville, in Chautauqua County, New York. Judge Tourgee is a devoted fisherman, and his summer days are spent in a row-boat among the coves and bays of Lake Chautauqua. He goes to Buffalo occasionally, where he is a popular lecturer and professor in the Buffalo Law School. His only daughter, Miss Aimie, who was born in North Carolina in 1870, gives promise of great excellence as an artist. She recently made a characteristic drawing of her father, which is pronounced a most perfect likeness.



JUDGE ALBION W. TOURGEE.

From a Drawing by Miss Aimie Tourgee.



EX-SENATOR N. B. SCOTT, WHO LOOKS AFTER THE LABOR MEN, THE "CRANKS," AND THE SOUTH.



MR. HOBART CONFERS WITH EX-SENATOR N. B. SCOTT.



MR. HANNA LEAVING THE HEADQUARTERS IN THE METROPOLITAN BUILDING.



GENERAL CLAYTON, THE HEAD OF THE ORATORICAL DEPARTMENT.



SECRETARY OSBORNE, OF THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

THE NEWLY ORGANIZED NATIONAL REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE HEADQUARTERS IN NEW YORK—A GLIMPSE AT THE MEN WHO WILL CONDUCT THE REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN AND SECURE VOTES FOR MCKINLEY AND HONEST MONEY.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE SPECIALLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY," AND A DRAWING FROM LIFE BY V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.—[SEE PAGE 123.]

Copyright, 1896, by Leslie's Weekly.



MAUD S. TO-DAY.



C. J. HAMLIN.



MR. ROBERT BONNER DRIVING ELFRIDA.



FANTASY.



ROBERT J., ED. GEERS IN SEAT.



JOHN R. GENTRY, MCHENRY IN SEAT.



SUNOL.

IS THE TWO-MINUTE TROTTER AND PACER WITH US?—PHOTOGRAPH BY J. C. HEMMENT.—[SEE INTERESTING ARTICLE BY HAMILTON BUSBEY, ON PAGE 122.]
Copyright, 1896, by Leslie's Weekly.

IS THE TWO-MINUTE TROTTER AND PACER WITH US?

SOME NOTABLE TURF PERFORMANCES.

In August, 1872, Mr. Jay Gould and Mr. George C. Hall, who was associated in business with the railway magnate, were among the gentlemen who had seats in the timing-stand at Buffalo Park. A bay horse, then eight years old, called Judge Brigham, started for a purse of five thousand dollars, and he showed so much speed that negotiations were opened for his purchase. The price asked was thirty thousand dollars, and it was paid. The name was then changed to Jay Gould, as a compliment to the gentleman who, with his partner, James Fisk, had contributed to the purchase pool. The stallion made his record of 2.21½ in the third heat of the Buffalo race, and it was regarded as a sensational performance. Later he became the property of Mr. Henry N. Smith, a large operator in Wall Street, and who was in partnership with Gould and Fisk. He was a handsome stallion, strictly trotting bred, being by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Lady Sanford by Seely's American Star, and, as a rule, trotters came from his loins. In 1877 a bay mare called Nancy Claggett by Mann's Senator, dam Belle by a thoroughbred horse called Sam, was bred to Jay Gould, and the produce was a bay mare recorded as Geraldine, and now owned at Village Farm.

In the spring of 1880 a bay colt was born at Woodburn Farm, whose breeding Mr. A. A. Bonner, eldest son of Mr. Robert Bonner, liked so well that he bought him the fall he was two years old for two thousand dollars. This colt was by Harold, sire of Maud S., dam Judith by Mambrino Chief, second dam by Zenith, a thoroughbred. His lines were trotting lines, and Mr. Bonner named him Hartford, after the city in which his father had learned the printing trade. W. W. Bair, who developed the speed of Maud S., attempted the track education of Hartford, but the colt went lame in his hands and was returned to his owner, who shod him properly and drove him on the road. The horse was under size, and Mr. Bonner accepted an offer of three thousand dollars for him from Hon. R. J. C. Walker, of Pennsylvania, who had him trained and driven to a record of 2.22½. Hartford is still alive and used on the road by an ex-Governor of Minnesota. The trotting-bred mare Geraldine was bred to the trotting-bred stallion Hartford, and the result was the champion pacer, Robert J., born in 1888. Robert J. is a small, wiry-built gelding, with badly-sprung knees, but a perfect cyclone in action. It was at Terre Haute, September 14th, 1894, that he paced to his record of 2.01½. In 1895 he met such great pacers as John R. Gentry, 2.03½, Joe Patchen, 2.04, and Frank Agan, 2.05½, and defeated them and suffered defeat. He was compelled to go so many fast miles that he became battle-worn and then was not invincible. In a race he had to resist the determined assaults of all his opponents. They would attack him in detail and thus finally exhaust him. A horse that is compelled to be on his mettle every heat, while his competitors take turns at resting, fights at a terrible disadvantage.

Mr. Hamlin recently said to me that he believed Geers could drive Robert J. a mile in two minutes or better, but that he hesitated about asking him to make the effort. When a horse once places a record beyond the reach of all other horses the public seems to lose enthusiasm. It is the general desire to see a horse succeed, even by the smallest fraction, in that he attempts, and with the record at two minutes or better a succession of distressing failures would be inevitable. Although the owner of Robert J. is so averse to letting him be driven to his limit, I hope that when Geers strikes a good track, with weather conditions just right and horse in the pink of form, he will steady the champion and do his best to land him across the two-minute line. The gelding is but eight years old, and has gradually been educated in a fiery furnace up to the ability to carry his wonderful speed. Geraldine, his dam, has by her side a very handsome chestnut filly by Mambrino King.

John R. Gentry, who holds the pacing record for stallions, 2.03½, is a bay horse of great finish and beauty, born 1889, by Ashland Wilkes, dam Dame Wood by Wedgwood, 2.19. He is trotting-bred, like Robert J., and is a perfect whirlwind in action, but seems to falter when asked to carry his speed below his record. Joe Patchen, who has a record of 2.04, is also trotting-bred, being by Patchen Wilkes, dam Josephine Young by the trotting stallion Joe Young. He is a big, powerful horse, seven years old, and can go against a wind that would anchor Robert J. or Gentry, but I think that he has reached his limit, and do not class him as a two-minute possibility. Frank Agan, 2.03½,

defeated Robert J. at Louisville in the last race in which he started in 1895, but he has not the speed of the champion, and I do not look for him to ever equal his record. He is a bay gelding, six years old, by Mikagan, dam Flora by Whitecloud.

A rising star is Bright Regent, 2.08½, a chestnut gelding five years old, by Prince Regent, 2.16½, dam Bright Eyes by Blackwood Chief.

Recently I called, with Mr. C. J. Hamlin, at the residence of Mr. Robert Bonner and participated in a little discussion about the horse and how to balance him. It was a privilege that all men cannot enjoy. Among the record-holders which Mr. Bonner has owned are Dexter, Rarus, Maud S., and Sunol, and the world cannot furnish another man who has given as much intelligent thought to shoeing. Mr. Hamlin is a man of keen observation and great practical experience, and no little of his success on the turf is due to his knowledge of foot-balancing. After a few polite exchanges of opinion, Mr. Bonner straightened himself in his chair and, looking his visitor squarely in the face, said: "Mr. Hamlin, you have known me a good many years, and know that I am jack-blunt in speech. How is Fantasy? I have heard that she has a bad leg."

Mr. Hamlin did not hesitate or attempt to evade the question. "When I saw her last I never liked her better. She has grown strong, and seems to have all her speed. She was not as well managed last year as she should have been, and I am willing to take the blame. We changed altitudes and climates too suddenly after leaving California, where we had passed the winter. She was shipped with the stable to Red Oak, Iowa, to Denver, and then to Minneapolis. At the latter place she was given a very hard race for so early in the season. July 3d she started against Directum, David B., and Kentucky Union, and was compelled to trot five heats to get the money. She won the first heat in 2.09, the second heat in the same time, and the fifth heat in 2.11½. Directum is a hard horse to beat, and it is not surprising that the mare should have lost two heats to him. At Lacrosse, July 12th, Fantasy met Azote and Phoebe Wilkes. The track was uneven, and the mare stepped on a rough place, was thrown out of her stride, and cut her quarter very badly. It looked at one time as if she were permanently injured. Azote won in 2.07½, 2.12½, 2.09. I found it slow work to grow the quarter down, but as I needed an attraction at the Buffalo meeting, August 14th, I decided to trot her against Azote. She bruised the injured foot again in this race, which she lost, and I sent her to Village Farm and turned her out. Her cords are all right, and the only indication of an injured foot is the scar."

"I am glad to hear that the injury was not serious," replied Mr. Bonner, "and I hope that Fantasy will beat, this summer, the 2.03½ of Alix."

"I should like very much to beat the record of Alix," said Mr. Hamlin, "but realize how big a handicap every fraction of a second is after you get down to 2.05. Fantasy has the speed to beat 2.04, and I base my hopes of success upon her robust form, which will give her the strength to carry the speed. If I should be so fortunate as to strike day and track just right when she is right, Fantasy will be the queen."

Fantasy started eight times in 1893 as a three-year-old, and was not beaten. Her most stubborn race was at Pittsburg, July 10th, where she lost the first and second heats in 2.18½, 2.18½, and won the others in 2.18½, 2.19, 2.18½. In this struggle she showed keen relish for divided heats—showed ability to sustain her speed.

At Cumberland Park Nashville, Tuesday, October 17th, she faced a field of nine in the Ewell purse, four thousand dollars, for three-year-olds, and won the first heat easily in 2.16½. The distance-flag was then taken down and the young mare was driven for a record. She trotted to the quarter pole in 33¼ seconds, to the half-mile pole in 1.06, to the three-quarter pole in 1.37½, and finished the mile in 2.08½. This is the record for three-year-olds. As a four-year-old, Fantasy met with one defeat, and that was by the grim old monarch Time, who has brought so many to grief. At Washington Park, Chicago, she started to beat 2.07½, and the official watches recorded 2.08. Not a bad defeat, but it was enough. At the Buffalo August meeting she trotted in 2.08½; at Rochester in 2.07½; at Fort Wayne in 2.07; and at Terre Haute, September 14th, she reduced her record to 2.06. This is still champion record for four-year-old mares. Her best performance thus far

this year was at Columbus, August 5th, where she defeated Beuzetta, Onoqua, and Lord Clinton in 2.06½, 2.08, 2.09½.

Fantasy is a big, rangy bay mare without white, and she trots in light shoes, either fibre or aluminum. Chimes, her sire, is by Electioneer, dam Beautiful Bells, one of the greatest brood mares that ever lived. Electioneer was by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, the head of the most powerful trotting tribe in the world, and his dam was that great mother of trotters, Green Mountain Maid, whose monument is at Stony Ford. Electioneer was wonderfully impressive as a sire, and his grave is at Palo Alto, the breeding-farm made famous by ex-Governor Leland Stanford, of California. Homora, the dam of Fantasy, carries a double infusion of the action-giving blood of Almont, and behind this is the action-sustaining blood of Lexington, sire of Twilight, dam of Midnight, dam of Jay-Eye-See, 2.10. Sally Russell, dam of the dam of Maud S., was by Boston, the sire of Lexington.

The present record, 2.03½, is held by Alix. It was made at Galesburg, Illinois, September 19th, 1894, on a very fast track. Alix was then six years old. The record of Nancy Hanks, 2.04, was made on another very fast track, Terre Haute, September 28th, 1892. Nancy Hanks was then six years old. Maud S. was eleven years old when she trotted to the high-wheel record on a regulation track, 2.08½; and Sunol was five years old when she trotted to the high-wheel record on a kite track, 2.08½.

A purse was offered at Cleveland in July,

equal to 2.03½ to bicycle. She is now ten years old and just in her physical prime. She looks the champion trotter, has the temperament to struggle to the end, and is bred to carry her speed, being by Electioneer, dam Waxana by General Benton, and second dam Waxey, thoroughbred daughter of four-mile Lexington.

HAMILTON BUSBEY.

Max Bachmann.

(Continued from page 116.)

an artist is thinking, how his skill in controlling the clay is uppermost on his dexterous fingers, while artistic combinations must be preserved, yet withal pure creation, the burlesque or satirical quality of the imagination must invest this stack of mud with a sudden, a telling and witty interest. Great cartoons have been made on the superficial plane, yet few have been made in plastic art since John Rogers started many years ago to get some ideas of the funny side of life, and succeeded admirably in a few instances, but in the great number of statuesque groups which went over the country, like the chromos of the period, there was nothing that called for even a wearisome smile or an outburst of the risible.

Max Bachmann at the age of thirty-four has begun in a new way, something in harmony with the spirit of the age, and it is interesting to know something about this many-sided artist. He was born in Brunswick, Germany, February 27th, 1862. His father was a distinguished



MR. MAX BACHMANN MAKING A CLAY MODEL FOR A CARTOON IN "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."

1893, for a horse to equal or beat the 2.08½ of Maud S. to the same kind of vehicle. Directum, 2.05½ to bicycle, was hooked to high-wheel sulky, and the best he could do on good day and track was 2.14½. In 1892 Nancy Hanks started at Cleveland to beat to high-wheel the record of Maud S. Her time was 2.13. Alix also failed in an effort in the same direction. This shows how difficult the task really is. Fantasy is six years old, the age at which Nancy Hanks and Alix obtained crowns, and if she meets with no accidents or back-sets may clip a fraction from 2.03½. Her trainer and driver, Edward F. Geers, is a master of his profession, and she will not suffer in this respect. Mr. Hamlin is hopeful, and yet the gap between 2.06 and 2.03½ is big enough to make the stoutest heart quail. Should Fantasy succeed in wresting the crown from Alix, I hope that Mr. Hamlin will put her to high wheel and take a shy at the 2.08½ of Maud S.

Beuzetta, 2.06½ at four years old, seems to be the most dangerous rival of Fantasy—and yet when Beuzetta measured strides with Azote she was made to look as not in the same class with the big bay gelding by Whips. Beuzetta is owned by Mr. W. E. D. Stokes, and is in the training-stable of a master, Orrin A. Hickok.

The record of Azote is 2.04½, and the chances are that he would reduce this were it not for lameness.

Sunol, who has been in retirement for some time, is going sound again, and if her injured leg does not give way, has an excellent show to beat the record. Her 2.08½ to high wheel is

writer on a variety of subjects involving close study, and he wrote books treating of science and industry; notably a work on the development of the art of printing. The name of John Hermann Bachmann is known to the scholarship of the world. It was when his father was leading young Max through the streets of Berlin that the boy wanted to know about Rauch's statue of Frederick the Great, and it was then Max got the key to his future profession. He was not to follow this inclination, however, without barricades and pitfalls. After going through the preparatory industrial school of Berlin he went to the Royal Academy of the same capital to study under Professor Wolff in the early 'eighties. He was then seventeen years of age. During this period Max, with an ever-varying tendency to wander from his patron god, thought to become an actor, for he appeared as *Marc Antony* in an amateur performance in Berlin, and with so much *éclat* that his youthful imagination was fired to enter the dramatic profession, where he was actually engaged in Bremen for a limited term. Then the flat of the German law fell on his head; he had to go into the army.

When Bachmann came to the United States, eleven years ago, he had an extensive and varied intellectual equipment, showing himself brilliantly in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. His works in sculpture have gone through many phases of plastic art, and the New-Yorker who will risk breaking his neck can see his four figures, each sixteen feet high, by looking at the supporting cornice of the

dome of the *World* building. They are Europe, America, Asia, and Africa. His other decorative, portrait, and ideal works cover a great range, including some large panels in the State Normal Art School of Massachusetts, where the figures are of heroic size in a composition embracing more than twenty characters.

But it was in Boston, where Bachmann participated in the social, literary, dramatic, and club life of the Hub, that he was proved a most interesting master of the pencil, the chisel, the brush, and the stage. He was in all of the queer fads of that queer town. His monkey is still alive, while his crow, a studio pet, learning to take stimulants with a too frightful regularity, on a sudden demise was thus remembered in the Boston journals, coupled with Mr. Bachmann's announced engagement to his accomplished wife, yet scarcely out of her teens:

"Jusque ici hic jacet crow Jakey,
A bird who in time was so shaky,
Knowingly died,
Ere suffered his pride,
You see rara avis was Jakey."

Linked to his otherwise diverse personality is Bachmann as the author of a burlesque comedy, "The King of the Sandwich Islands," in which he played the leading part in Boston. But in the domestic side of his life he has given a strange contradiction to lines on his bust of Cupid displayed at the Architectural League in New York in 1895, running:

"Arrows and bow,
Ma chère! Oh, no!
On a change tous cela,
Titles and gold, to-day, behold,
Are Cupid's sinews of war."

Mrs. Bachmann, earlier known as Eleanor May Brown, was also distinguished for her artistic feeling.

Mrs. Bachmann is a daughter of Zachary Taylor Brown, an officer of the United States Navy, and for three years was a pupil of her husband, visiting Germany on the bridal journey last year. Mrs. Bachmann possesses a signal genius for the expression of a strong poetic temperament in plastic art, as shown in her Bacchante exhibited at the Boston Art Club, and there remains little doubt that there may be some interesting debates in the family on the subject of modeling, and as to which member of the firm will get in at the finish.

ALVAN S. SOUTHWORTH.

The Services of Our Firemen.

It has been said that fire is a good slave but a bad master. It is, indeed, so powerful and dangerous a master that men of the greatest courage and coolness and promptitude in action are required to fight it when it gets the upper hand. Our illustration shows the firemen at their work of life-saving. The scene is not an unusual one. Every fireman of experience has played a part in this work of rescue. Yet the circumstances are such as require bravery and endurance and self-sacrifice that amount to heroism. The fireman's first month in the service is spent mostly at "school." It is a curious school; the class in the New York Fire Department meets at the base of the great rear wall of the fire headquarters in Sixty-seventh Street, and the lessons are learned on the brick surface that arises perpendicularly to a height of half a dozen stories. At the word from the instructor the extension-ladders are brought quickly out from their places and the novices are taught to raise them, section by section, until they reach the top of the building. Then the new firemen practice at saving human life by carrying a comrade down the ladder. Then, by means of an old gun, a light line is shot to the roof; whoever is there catches hold of it and draws up the steel life-line which is attached to it and fastens it to the roof. More drill in rescue work follows. A fireman slides



CAPTAIN MAC ADAMS.

down the line to a window and takes from the sill a man who is supposed to be in danger. He then continues his descent, the rescued person having been instructed to grasp his rescuer around the body so that the latter's movements will not be impeded. If the correct method is followed a man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds can bring one of two hundred and fifty pounds safely down the line. When "school" is in session a great net is stretched at the base of the wall for the safety of the learner. Rescuing with nets is also practiced. About fifteen men hold out the net, and a dummy weighing one hundred and twenty-five pounds is thrown into it from the roof or a window.

A company of eleven of the best men in the New York Fire Department was selected early this summer to take part in the International Firemen's Tournament at London, which was held in the latter part of June. Great preparations were made for the trip, but Mayor Strong disapproved of it and the project was not carried out. If the men had gone, there is no doubt that they would have proved themselves as fine firemen as any in the world.

J. HERBERT WELCH.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

Newport's Grand Fete in Honor of the New York Yacht Club.

It has taken a long, long while for the good citizens of Newport to realize that, inasmuch as the coming, yearly, of the New York Yacht Club was worth a great deal to the city, and meant much money in the pockets of tradespeople, particular pains should be taken to give the amateur and sport-loving sailors a royally good time. But they have done so at last.

In 1895 the awakening came, but it was as nothing compared with this year's, when no expense was spared to furnish a grand and imposing fête, equal to causing a lasting memory and a wish to prolong one's expected stop-over for a day into a visit for a week.

All during Wednesday afternoon, the 5th of August, the yachts of the New York Yacht Club and attending craft which yearly pick the fleet up at different ports along Long Island Sound for the cruise to Newport, there to witness the annual races for the Golet Cups, trooped into the harbor, and when this goodly-sized haven was filled, the overflow proceeded to populate Brenton's Cove. In the early evening the outer harbor, or that part of Narragansett Bay just west of Goat Island, had to suffice for the late arrivals.

Two hundred pleasure-craft is probably a low estimate of the number which indulged in "colors" at eight bells on the morning of Thursday.

From the wharves of the city the sight was an impressive one. On the occasion of the fête with which the fleet was to be honored, every boat was gayly decked in bunting, and this, with the forest of masts and dingy cutter and launch scooting in and out from the floats of the club station, presented a sight never before seen in an American harbor; in fact, no harbor in all the world, save perhaps at Cowes during regatta week.

On the afternoon of Thursday the fun of the fête really began in earnest. Bands played at principal points in the city, the townspeople and summer residents turned out *en masse* in gala attire, and sociability, visits to the yachts, and races of crack yacht crews were the order until evening.

Along toward eight o'clock Thames Street, the principal business thoroughfare of the town, was illuminated, and, by reason of the decorations of every house, took on the appearance of a veritable Japanese fairyland.

The illumination of the harbor followed, and then in truth the sight became one impossible to describe.

Music by many bands, fireworks of every description, all manner of yacht decoration by flag and electric light, search-lights galore, private displays from residences overlooking the harbor, unique floats depicting scenes in history, Old Glory standing forth in a path of silvery light to be viewed and cheered by thousands, and the roar of cannon were all there and much in evidence for nearly two hours.

Until midnight music was on tap all over the city, and it was one o'clock before the glare of the fête and the exuberance of the people quieted down and finally expired.

RACE FOR THE GOELET CUPS.

On Friday morning the annual race for the Golet Cups was sailed, the start being made as usual off shore by the lightship marking Brenton's reef, thence to Block Island, West Island, and home to the lightship.

The start has been aptly described by one expert as the most interesting of all save an America's Cup race.

The crack schooner of the year, *Colonia*, won the cup for boats of her class, while the *Queen Mab*, an English-built boat, designed by Watson, by defeating the *Wasp*, secured the cup for sloops.

The *Wasp* met with an accident to her mainsail before starting, which handicapped her not a little. With an equal measure of the good and bad of luck incident to a yacht-race, the *Queen Mab* could hardly save the time allowance she has to concede to the *Wasp*, one of Herreshoff's masterpieces.

HOVEY HAS A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL.

In the coming lawn-tennis championships at Newport the latter part of this month, Fred Hovey, the present holder of the championship, will be called upon to play the best tennis of his life in the event of Larned or former Champion Wrenn winning the all-comers, and with it the right to play Hovey.

On a former occasion it was pointed out that Wrenn was evidently in the game this year to win, his practice not having been interrupted as last year by base-ball and foot-ball training at Harvard. And from the form he has been showing in successive matches, he shows his determination to be of the right or winning sort.

Then, quite unexpectedly, Larned, who was expected to remain abroad for some time, returns to America and at once looms up with Wrenn as a dangerous man for the Newport tournament.

At Long Branch, New Jersey, on August 8th, Larned defeated Wrenn for the second time in the annual tournament for the Norwood Challenge Cup. On the 7th Larned defeated Wrenn more or less easily. The following day the scores ran thus: 6-3, 3-6, 6-2, 7-5. An analysis of the play shows these results: Larned—Points on placed balls, 84; on outs, 34; on nets, 27; on double faults, 3; total, 148. Wrenn—Points on placed balls, 34; on outs, 38; on nets, 54; on double faults, 5; total, 131.

Larned's play was on the whole strong, though marked at times, and as of old, with unsteadiness. Wrenn's play was steadier, and where it lacked in brilliancy it gained in consistency, and the most veritable of duellers on the side lines could see that it was a game of the progressive kind, and one which, two weeks later, would be hard to beat.

Thus, while Larned to-day is unquestionably playing stronger tennis than Wrenn, it is sure to be a grave question of supremacy when play at Newport is begun.

The many friends of Larned, however, believe that he is much improved in form through his experience gained in England and Ireland. And these friends believe that with any sort of luck he should play through to Hovey and finally win the championship of the United States.

On the other hand, the worshipers of Wrenn are firm in their confidence of his prowess—believing that the steady player with the capability of playing his best before the greatest tennis gathering of the year is the man to back, as against the more brilliant but unsteady player who is apt to let the crowds and the great importance of the affair worry him.

At any rate these two players are sure to furnish some grand sport, and either one is capable

(Continued on page 127.)

A Day at the Republican National Headquarters.

It would be difficult to find a busier place just now than the New York headquarters of the Republican National Committee. Throughout the business hours of the day the commodious rooms on the fourth floor of the Metropolitan building are like a bee-hive. There is an incessant clicking of typewriters and buzz of conversation. The reception-rooms overflow with visitors, and attendants pass constantly into the interior rooms with persons who desire audiences with the powers that be—the members of the executive committee.

The largest room in the suite at the headquarters is that in which Mr. Hanna directs the campaign. It is situated in the southwest corner of the building and commands a delightful view of Madison Square. The most conspicuous piece of furniture is Mr. Hanna's desk, which stands almost directly in the centre. A few solid and roomy arm-chairs are scattered about; there is a book-case, a sofa, and heavy rugs on the floor. The walls are adorned with large American flags and pictures of McKinley and Hobart. The room of Cornelius N. Bliss, the treasurer of the committee, adjoins that of Mr. Hanna on the east, and the first room on the other side, to the north, is that of ex-State Senator N. B. Scott, of West Virginia. Mr. Scott is a glass manufacturer of Wheeling, who employs over a thousand men. He has been a national committeeman for a considerable number of years. In the next room sits General

Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, head of the speakers' bureau of the committee. His is the important duty of selecting and assigning the campaign orators. All of the prominent Republican speakers of the East will be under his immediate direction. General Clayton is an ex-United States Senator and an ex-Governor of his State. He served in the Union army and lost an arm.

These are the members of the executive committee who are now most actively at work at the New York headquarters. Most of the time they may be seen engaged in earnest conversation with the visitors whom the sergeant-at-arms, Colonel Swords, has admitted, or reading and dictating correspondence. Across the hall Mr. Guthridge, the head of the bureau of information, doles out to the reporters, assembled at a long table, the tid-bits of information as to the goings and comings of distinguished callers and the general progress of the work. In an adjoining room sits the clerk who indexes and files away in cabinets the thousands of letters when they have been read and answered.

The campaign literature, consisting of the speeches of the orators issued in pamphlet form, and the special articles of the corps of writers, are as yet issued from the Chicago headquarters, from which the campaign in the West is directed. Mr. Hanna will divide his time between Chicago and New York, and from these points will marshal the Republican hosts into a victorious army. J. HERBERT WELCH.

Health and Beauty.

(CONTINUED.)

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, August 1st, 1896.—The transparent glycerine soap of which Messrs. Pears make a specialty varies, of course, from the ordinary curd or opaque soaps in its method of manufacture. It contains glycerine in excess of the ordinary soap, and is frequently additionally clarified or rendered transparent by means of spirits of wine and sugar, while hardening agents are also imported into its body, in order to check waste during use. It will now assist us if we detail a chemical analysis of *Pears' Soap*. The figures given are percentages:

Fatty anhydrides.....	72.36
Uncombined fat or resin.....	0.94
Combined alkali (Na ² O).....	8.58
Sodium carbonate.....	.21
Sodium chloride.....	nil
Sodium sulphate.....	heavy traces
Free alkali.....	nil
Insoluble matter.....	0.25
Water or alcohol.....	7.62
Glycerine (by difference).....	7.62
Sugar.....	2.32

By adding together the fatty anhydrides and combined alkali in the above analysis we obtain the sum—nearly eighty-one per cent.—of true soap present. This is very satisfactory, the fat and alkali being very desirably proportioned throughout. The gross quantity of the material may, for the purpose of estimating proportions, be reduced to the amount of glycerine present, which may be regarded as a medicinal addition. The emollient properties of glycerine are well known. It is not only invaluable in a variety of skin diseases, but is of great service as a prophylactic. Without the glycerine, therefore, the percentage of true soap would be greater, but we should lose its definite emolliency. It is agreeable to note that the proportion of sugar is so very trifling. Nearly all the transparent soaps contain this substance, even up to fourteen to twenty-eight per cent. *Pears' Soap* only contains 2.32 per cent., and, therefore, possesses a great advantage over its competitors, for the authorities are agreed that such excessive use of sugar as I have indicated must have a very disastrous effect on the skin.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

(To be continued.)



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.



THE RESCUE WORK OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT, SHOWING THE USE OF THE SCALING-LADDER.—[SEE PAGE 123.]

Copyright, 1896, by Leslie's Weekly.



Getting Well:

My mother, Mrs. Eliza Keeler, aged 64, after a four months' siege of typhoid fever, was unable to retain even "lime-water." I was told that Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic, would be good; accordingly got some for her and she was able to retain it. She improved so rapidly that to-day, after using from three to four bottles per week, she is strong and well—a thing at her age and after such a sickness bordering on the marvelous. I claim it was "The Tonic," and have thoroughly advertised this among our acquaintances. Even her physician was astounded at the result.

I shall always feel that Pabst Malt Extract saved her life, and think you should know what a powerful strengthener it is after fever and kindred complaints. I write this at the request of my mother, who wishes to express her thanks.

Yours truly,

MISS KEELER,

June 27th, 1896.

393 Forty-Sixth Street, Chicago."

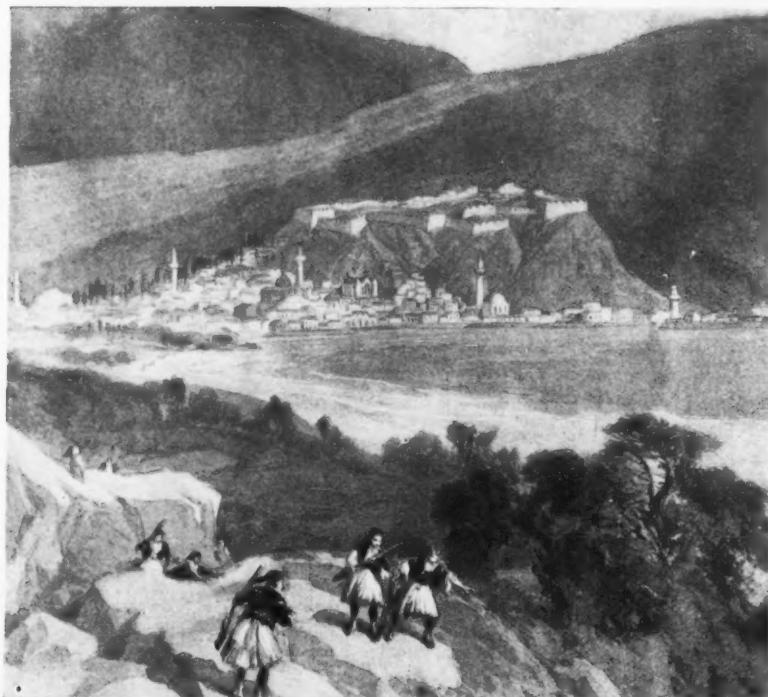
THE
ART
OF
BREWING
WAS
DEVELOPED
BY THE
GERMANS



MILWAUKEE
BEER
IS
FAMOUS
PABST
HAS MADE
IT SO



THE TRIAL AT BAR OF DR. JAMESON, THE TRANSVAAL RAIDER.—*Black and White.*



THE TROUBLE IN CRETE—RETIMO, ONE OF THE CHIEF TOWNS OF THE ISLAND, AND THE SCENE OF MANY MURDERS BY TURKISH SOLDIERS.—*Illustrated London News.*



THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES AND PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK.

The royal bride and bridegroom, with the bridesmaids, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duchess of Fife, in the costumes worn at the wedding, July 23d.—*Illustrated London News.*



THE MATABELE RISING—MR. BURNHAM, THE AMERICAN SCOUT, AND COMMISSIONER ARMSTRONG ESCAPING AFTER SHOOTING THE MLIMO.
London Graphic.



THE MATABELE AND MASHONA REVOLT—THE MEETING OF THE SALISBURY AND BULUWAYO COLUMNS—MR. CECIL RHODES AND COLONEL NAPIER SHAKING HANDS.
Illustrated London News.

Amateur Athletics.

(Continued from page 123.)

of giving Hovey, another of the unsteady kind, the tussle of his life.

TERRY WINS THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

James Terry, challenger, beat J. Parmley Paret 3-6, 6-4, 3-6, 8-6, 4-0 defaulted.

The match lasted for more than four hours, and Paret finally gave up the struggle completely exhausted.

Up to the last of the fourth set Paret showed much the better game, but the bull-dog pertinacity with which Terry kept playing finally brought the New York man down. Terry is a Yale man.

W. T. Bull

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY'S SUMMER EXCURSION ROUTE BOOK.

THE MOST COMPLETE PUBLICATION OF ITS KIND.

THE Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will, on June 1st, publish its annual Summer Excursion Route Book. This work, which is compiled with the utmost care and exactness, is designed to provide the public with short descriptive notes of the principal summer resorts of Eastern America, with the routes for reaching them, and the rates of fare. There are over four hundred resorts in the book, to which rates are quoted, and over fifteen hundred different ways of reaching them, or combinations of routes are set out in detail. The book is the most complete and comprehensive hand-book of summer travel ever offered to the public.

Its two hundred and fifteen pages are inclosed in a handsome and striking cover in colors. Several maps, presenting the exact routes over which tickets are sold, are bound in the book. It is also profusely illustrated with fine half-tone cuts of scenery along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad and elsewhere.

Any doubt as to where the summer should be passed will be dispelled after a careful examination of the contents of this publication.

On and after June 1st it may be procured at any Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office at the nominal price of ten cents; or, upon application to the general office, Broad Street Station, by mail for twenty cents.

MADAME ZOLA has read not one of her husband's works. Let us congratulate Monsieur Zola on the possession of a truly good wife.—*Judge*.

FALSE ECONOMY

is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

It is certainly the fact that the less a man works the more he thinks he needs a vacation; and it is proof of the curious proposition that no work is the hardest work a man can do.—*Judge*.

THE Sohmer Pianos are recommended to the public for their power, purity, richness and quality of tone, and are considered the most durable and reliable pianos ever made.

THE Original Angostura Bitters (must of necessity be genuine) aid digestion. Don't accept substitutes, insist upon having the Abbott Brand. Druggists.

SUMMER VACATION TOURS.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company now has on sale at all its offices east of the Ohio River a full line of tourist excursion tickets to all the lake, mountain, and seashore resorts in the Eastern and Northern States and in Canada. These tickets are valid for return journey until October 31st. Before deciding upon your summer outing it would be well to consult the Baltimore and Ohio book of "Routes and Rates for Summer Tours." All Baltimore and Ohio ticket agents at principal points have them, or they will be sent upon receipt of ten cents, for postage, by Charles O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Maryland.

EVERY one who once tries Dobbins's Floating-Borax Soap continues to use it, for it is really infinitely superior to even the best of other floating soaps, and costs you no more. Made of Borax, floats, one hundred per cent pure. Try it.

DR. SIEGERT'S Angostura Bitters is a world renowned article. Beware of imitations.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

Whatever

details of her dainty attire a lady intends to keep invisible—will be so absolutely, if her gown is fastened with the famous

DeLong Hook and Eye.

See that

hump?

RICHARDSON & DE LONG BROS., Philadelphia.

Also makers of the **CUPID Hairpin.**



There's something about this soap that leads the user to tell others of its virtues. **CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP** (Persian Healing) Delightful for the every day toilet and bath.

Sold by druggists.

This IS THE **1896**

SEARCH LIGHT

PRICE \$5.00

The only strictly first class bicycle lantern on the market.

Ask your dealer or send to
BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO.
Or 19 Murray Street, New York. Bridgeport, Conn.
85-87 Pearl Street, Boston.
17 No. 7th St., Philadelphia.

Send for Catalogue No. 45.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

E. GRILLON, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris
Sold by all Druggists.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—**S-O-H-M-E-R.**

OPIUM and Whiskey Habit cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent **FREE.**
B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D.
Atlanta, Ga. Office, 104 North Pryor Street.

Advertise in **LESLIE'S WEEKLY.**

HAPPINESS ASSURED.

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure all kinds of Piles. It gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and nothing else. Every box is guaranteed. Sold by druggists, sent by mail, for 50c. and \$1.00 per box. **WILLIAMS' MEDICINE CO., Prop's, Cleveland, O.**

ARGUMENT.

GOLD OR SILVER?

★ ★ ★

GOLD.

A COIN CATECHISM.

BY J. K. UPTON.

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Secretaries Sherman, Windom and Folger. Financial Statistician of the Eleventh Census.

"GENTLEMEN:—I read Mr. J. K. Upton's book on Coinage, and think it is a valuable addition to the literature on that subject. Mr. Upton is now and has for many years been connected with the Treasury Department, having been Chief Clerk and Assistant Secretary when I was Secretary, and the accuracy of his statements on financial matters may be implicitly relied upon.

"Very truly yours,

"JOHN SHERMAN."

Prices (delivered), cloth, 50c.; paper, 25c.

Demorest Purchasing Bureau, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.



"Please, Mister Burglar,

don't take that,

'cause papa says us children couldn't get along without it."

There is more actual nourishment in

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine

TRADE MARK

—the food drink—than can be gained in any other way. It's a prime producer of blood and the ideal vitalizer. Invaluable for nursing mothers and sufferers from wasting diseases.

Sold by all druggists.

Prepared by **ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASSOCIATION, St. Louis, U. S. A.**

Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklets and other reading matter.

NEW YORK DEPOT, 24 AND 27 WEST STREET.

"A HANDFUL OF DIRT MAY BE A HOUSEFUL OF SHAME." CLEAN HOUSE WITH

SAPOLIO



For conscience sake, tuck those shoes under your skirt, or use **Brown's French Dressing**

For Ladies and Children's Shoes



THE ORIGINAL FAST LINE

CHICAGO BETWEEN DUBUQUE ST. PAUL MINNEAPOLIS DES MOINES ST. JOSEPH KANSAS CITY

F. H. LORD, G. P. & T. A., CHICAGO.
New York Office, 319 Broadway.

Within the reach of all. **ACCIDENT TICKETS.**

THE INTER-STATE
Casualty Company of New York
gives **SIX MONTHS' insurance, \$1,000 for \$1.00,**
to Men or Women

between 18 and 60 years of age, against accidental death.

\$100,000 deposited with the Insurance Department of the State of New York for the security of the insured.

For Sale at

LANSING'S TICKET OFFICES,
397 Broadway, New York.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY WANTED

competent Club Agents (Women, Men, Girls or Boys) in every town in the U. S. to get orders for our celebrated goods. LIBERAL TERMS: GOOD INCOMES. BIG PRESENTS with every sale. Good Teas and Coffees, 25c. per pound. Send this ad and 16c. in stamps, and we will mail you a 14 pound Best Imported Tea, any kind, and full particulars.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO. (L. W.),
31 & 33 Vesey Street, New York, P. O. Box 289

TELLS YOUR FORTUNE, with picture of your future husband or wife. Send 10 cents, date of birth. **ASTROLOGER, Box 1772, Boston, Massachusetts.**

Lovell's Bicycles.

The Best Made

Why? *

Because they are made by a long established and reliable house. The name "LOVELL" is its guarantee, and is known the world over.

LOVELL "DIAMOND,"

LOVELL "SPECIAL,"

LOVELL "EXCEL."

All Sizes, Styles and Prices.

CATALOGUE FREE.

John P. Lovell

Arms Co., Manufacturers,

BOSTON, MASS.

BARKER BRAND COLLARS ARE THE BEST.

Wm BARKER, Manufacturer, TROY, N.Y.



GOT THE BEST OF IT.

MAN BEHIND—"I may not be able to see de view, but I doan' mine a little t'ing laik dat."

THE DOOR TO THE PUDDING
IS IN THE EATING

Rambler Bicycles
HAVE STOOD
THE TEST OF
17 YEARS

Catalogues on application.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.,
Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York,
Brooklyn, Detroit, Coventry, England.

Columbia Bicycles

\$100 TO ALL ALIKE.

Worth paying \$100 for the satisfaction a Columbia gives.

POPE MFG. CO.
General Offices and Factories, HARTFORD, CONN.

Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

WANTED—AN IDEA. Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1800 prize offer and list of 200 inventions wanted.

EARL & WILSON'S.
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS
"ARE THE BEST"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

YPSILANTI Union Suits
For Gentlemen.

The perfection of health protective underwear. It fits so well you only know you have it on, because you are so comfortable. Endorsed by all physicians. Send for Catalogue and our new book entitled "Modern Underwear and How to Wear It." Free.

HAY & TODD MFG. CO.,
Ypsilanti, Mich.

YALE GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE MIXTURE

We could not improve the quality if paid double the price.

A 2oz. Trial Package Post Paid 25c.

MARBURG BROS., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.

Great Western
The Finest CHAMPAGNE In America.

Now used in many of the best Hotels, Clubs and Homes in Preference to Foreign Vintages.

A home product which Americans are especially proud of.

'One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.'

FOR PARTICULARS, PRICES, ETC.—

Address, **Pleasant Valley Wine Company,**
RHEIMS, Steuben Co., New York.
H. B. KIRK & CO., 69 FULTON STREET and 1158 BROADWAY, NEW YORK AGENTS.

WE MAKE COLLARS Do You WEAR THEM?

25¢

HIGHEST POSSIBLE GRADE

APEX WILBUR SHIRT & COLLAR CO. TROY, N. Y.

High on the pedestal of public approval stands

Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef

For over thirty years the standard for Purity and fine flavor.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED.
Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cushtons help when all else fails as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send to F. Hiseox Co., 858 W'way, N. Y., for Book and Proofs **FREE**

For more than forty years

Allcock's Porous Plaster

has been in use in every part of the world, and the testimony is universal as to its superior value.

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

"VIN MARIANI IS IDEAL, IT IS BOTH REMARKABLY AGREEABLE AND FORTIFYING."

CAROLUS DURAN.

Write to **MARIANI & CO.,** for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS, Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.

PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. LONDON: 229 Oxford St. 52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK.

Every package of this popular dentifrice contains: A large bottle of liquid Sozodont, A box of Sozodont Powder, A sample cake of Sozoderma Soap, for the skin

Sozodont
FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Use liquid Sozodont daily: the powder twice a week. A sample of liquid Sozodont by mail, provided you mention this publication and send three cents for postage. Address the Proprietors of Sozodont, HALL & RECKEL, Wholesale Druggists, New York City.

HAVE YOUR

Shells loaded

WITH

LAFLIN & RAND WPA. SMOKELESS

LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO.,
Manufacturers of Black and Smokeless Sporting and Military Powders.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, BALTIMORE, NASHVILLE, PITTSBURG, DENVER, NEW ORLEANS, POTTSVILLE.

No. 4711. COLOGNE

is the standard in America as well as in Europe because of its delightful fragrance and delicacy.

SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

MÜLHENS & KNOFF, NEW YORK. U.S. AGENTS.

LONDON (ENGLAND).
THE LANCHEM Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.

FINE COMPLEXION
LAIT ANTÉPHELIQUE
or Candès milk

ESTABLISHED 1849

BOTTLE 5s. 3p. CANDES, 16, Bd. St.-Denis, PARIS

Niagara Falls only 9½ Hours from New York by the New York Central.